

# THE TRIBUNE.

Published Every Friday

THE TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY.

D. W. MAJOR, Editor.

MONTA MUNS, Local Editor.

TERMS—\$1.00 per Year in Advance.

Miss Madge Appling was visiting in New Florence last Tuesday.

Elder S. A. Elkin left last Tuesday to join his wife in Excelsor Springs Mo., and there spend the holidays.

Elton Sisk and wife of Wellsville were visiting in this city the first of the week.

Robt Bratton came in from Kansas City last Tuesday to spend the holidays with home folks.

Harry Chapin and wife of St. Louis are spending the week with home folks in this city.

Frank Bacon, who is on a street car line in St. Louis, is up with for the holidays.

Charles Russel and wife of near Prices Branch were visiting in this city the first of the week.

Guy Hughes was up from St. Louis to eat Christmas dinner with home folks.

Mrs. Clarence Crebbs, of Louisiana, is spending Xmas with relatives in this city.

Mrs. Thomas Spain who is spending the holidays with relatives here is quite ill at this writing.

Miss Camille Dameron returned to her home in Gamma to spend the holidays.

Mrs. Lydia Barker is still very sick. Her son John, who has been in St. Louis some time, is with her now.

## Help Wanted.

2 good girls for House and dining room work. Good wages and permanent job. Apply at Montgomery House, Mrs. Allie Covington.

Ben Brady of St. Louis is spending the holidays with home folks.

Dr. Rudy Vogt was up from St. Louis with home folks the first of the week.

Elisha Soethen came up last Monday to spend Xmas with home folks.

## Dental Notice.

Dr. G. Wasson now located in Montgomery City for the purpose of practicing Dentistry, all work warranted for ten years. Special attention given to Children's teeth and no charges for examination.

Respectfully,  
Feb. 1, Dr. G. Wasson.

Married at the residence of the bride's mother in New Florence, December 25th at 7 p. m. Mr. Nat Worley and Miss Bordeaux.

And at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. Wm. Dixon of near Big Springs, Mr. Monroe Murray to Miss Amanda Bridges, the writer officiating on both occasions.

All of the above are highly respected residents of Montgomery County and we predict for them a long happy and useful life.

J. M. Bell.

George Britt and wife of near Price's Branch spent Xmas day with the latter's mother, Mrs. Russell in this city.

Mrs. John Best of High Hill, spent the first of the week, with her parents in this city, Mr. and Mrs. W. Y. Sisk.

MARRIED, at the bride's parents in this city last Wednesday at 4 p. m. Dec. 26, 1900, Edward Loman and Miss Susie Brandenburg, Rev. R. E. McQuie officiating.

Gus Wilson, Ed Brigham and John Eb Smith, of Wellsville, were calling on friends in this city Wednesday evening.

Miss Susie Shaw was visiting in Wellsville last Wednesday.

Miss Matty Castleman, of Boone county, is visiting Miss Virgie Leach this week.

Miss Anna Middlecamp of Bellflower left last Wednesday for Wright City to visit her sister Mrs. Blatfoer.

Ed Harrell and sister Miss Dula entertained a few of their friends last Wednesday eve. Those present expressed an enjoyable time.

## POLICE FORCE SCANDALS.

Investigation Will be Resumed By the Grand Jury To-Day.

The grand jury will continue its investigation of the police department scandals to-day. The detectives who have been engaged in securing evidence against the four patrolmen who were indicted, have caused subpoenas to be issued for a score of women and men who are supposed to live on the profits of vice, and their testimony will be offered to the grand jury. It is reported that as a result of this further investigation indictments will be returned against other members of the department and that the list of names will not be confined to patrolmen. With the indictment of the four officers, a flood of letters have poured into the police station, most of them anonymous in character, but nearly all of which have furnished clues that will probably produce startling results.

Chief of Police Campbell stated yesterday that he proposed to go to the bottom of the scandal and would employ every means available in unearthing any crooked work by members of his department. "The members of the board," said he, "are apparently determined to go to the bottom of affairs and I am certainly anxious that they should. This department will do everything in its power to get all of the facts, regardless of whom they help or hurt."

The exclusive publication in the Globe-Democrat yesterday of the fact that a member of the police department was recognized by the man whose house he had robbed, created a vast deal of comment among citizens and around the Four Courts building. The story was that the home of Mr. B. P. Bogy of 521 Whittier street, was burglarized and a large amount of furniture and valuables stolen. The goods were found in a flat and the man who had stolen them arrested. He admitted his crime, but his friends came to his rescue and made restitution and Mr. Bogy dropped the prosecution of the case. Some time later he was astounded to discover that the man who had stolen the goods had been appointed on the police force and was patrolling the very beat which included the house he had robbed.

Mr. Bogy appealed to Chief Campbell and to President Hawes for the man's removal from the force. The officer was not removed, but was transferred to another beat. Chief Campbell discussed Mr. Bogy's statement yesterday. He said: "I do not remember the circumstances cited by Bogy, but I do remember that he spoke to me about the case in question. I looked up the man's record and found that the facts as alleged by Bogy were true. The man had been arrested for stealing goods. The prosecution was dropped. I spoke to Mr. Hawes, the president of the board about the case and that was the last I heard of it. I have no power to remove a man from the police force. Why he was not removed or why he was retained I do not know. That is a matter entirely in the hands of the board. I recommended his transfer afterward to another part of the city and that was done."

President Hawes stated that he remembered the case, although not clearly. He found mitigating circumstances at the time, and no action was taken, as the officer had made a good record and nothing had ever come of the prosecution against him. In answer to the man's retention was ascribed to a political pull.

The case has caused no end of comment and is being used by the gossips around the station and throughout the city as a sample of the timber from which patrolmen are made, under the present system. The citizens, many of whom long ago lost all faith in the efficiency of the police department, are becoming aroused over the condition of the department, as revealed by the recent scandals, and are determined to exert their influence to have a thorough probing of the charges that mark the culmination of the demoralization of the department, which has been known for some months, in fact, ever since the reorganization of the department under the new law on a purely political basis. It is evident, from present indications, that the grand jury will be furnished with plenty of information concerning the corruption that has grown up in the police circles under the present system, and that there will be a complete and general shakeup, if the board pursues its expressed intention of making a thorough investigation.

"The next thing in order will be whitewash," said one of the men who keeps a close tab on the operations of the police machine. "If you could

eliminate politics from the situation there might be a chance of getting at the facts in the case. But there is no danger of that. The dirty spots will not be scrubbed off. They will be concealed by a generous coat of white wash, applied by experts. You know there is something of an art in the whitewash business. You let another amateur get to work on a job and watch the results. He may have the right kind and quantity of lime and cement, but he don't get results. The whitewash, when applied, scales up, peels off in chunks, and leaves the object of his attack in a more disreputable looking condition than it was before. But let the artist take a hand. The mixture is put up to a nicety and applied in such a manner that an old, weather beaten structure under his treatment, comes out looking like a new building just completed. Well, that's the kind of a job that will be done in this case.

There'll be no ugly scales hanging on the police department after the job is finished. They'll make a scapegoat of Danny Ryan and possibly another member or two of the quartet of indicted patrolmen, but there'll never be an investigation that will go to the bottom of the affair. It will be a mighty good thing if the investigation of the scandal stops the system of blackmail that has been levied upon fallen women, parcel workers and confidence men who have been working their games without interference for months, and the scandal may produce such a result, but you can wager your last dollar that there will be no genuine, far-reaching inquiry into the system by which an immense political machine has been built up by the use of the police department.

It would make mighty interesting reading if the grand jury were to find out how much money has been paid by the police department in the way of political assessments; what part of their earnings go to the Jefferson club directly or through it into the campaign funds of the democratic committee. It would be interesting if the grand jury should suddenly become curious and want to know from patrolmen what their instructions have been in regard to enforcing the laws upon saloon and dive keepers. I am certain that certain dive keepers have been prosecuted, while others have been allowed to run without interference, and I am also certain that the discrimination did not originate with the patrolmen. There's a lot of stuff the grand jury might get if its members were to take a notion to go into this question in earnest.

But they will not do it. It isn't safe, with an election coming on, to have the inside political workings of a party machine exposed to the public gaze. The tax-payers of the city of St. Louis pay something like \$2,000,000 a year for the support of the police department, and that ought, in all conscience, to be enough, but it is really but a small portion of the revenue that goes to the maintenance of the department as it is constituted at present. If they ever get to the bottom of the deal they will find the whole department honey-combed with channels through which bush money, bribes and grafts sift through until a portion of it reaches the Jefferson club slush fund, which is used for campaign purposes, pure and simple.

But this is all the logical result of the system of repression that has been in force ever since the reorganization of the \$2,000,000 police department. When a burglar breaks into your house the first thing he does is to put out the light. His training has been such that he works to the best advantage in the dark. The first thing the present management of the department did when it assumed control was to shut the public out of all knowledge of the work of the department. The police business was promptly catalogued as none of the public's business, and the system has grown up until to-day the newest patrolman on a beat feels that he owns it, and damps the public or even a superior officer who expresses a desire to know anything about the beat or the patrolman's connection with or duty toward the people who pay for his maintenance.

The whole system has offered encouragement to the grafter, has served to set a premium upon just such work as has been unearthed, and the result is purely logical. But the inquiry will not proceed much further. Chief Campbell may be honest enough in his expressed determination to go to the bottom of the scandal, but I'm here to state that he will not be allowed to get much farther into the muddle he has caused no end of trouble already. The democratic managers who have charge of the police machine have troubles enough in other direc-

tions in their efforts to continue in control. Some of them are already railing at Campbell for raising a stink in the department at this most inopportune time. They accuse him of playing directly into the hands of the republicans and the faction of the democrats who are opposed to the domination of the Jefferson club party in politics.

"My guess is that Chief Campbell will find the case taken out of his hands in a short time. As a matter of fact I understand that the work accomplished up to date has been largely by other members of the official staff, and that Chief Campbell will soon find himself so handicapped that he will not be able to get as much evidence as he thinks he will. An effort will be made to divert the inquiry from the police department to the courts, or to some other branch of the municipal government, and while this is being done the whitewashers will be getting in their work. Ryan will be offered as a sacrifice, and the rest of the department given a nice coat of whitewash. The Chief is not on good terms with the board. He conceals his disgust, and the members of the board are unanimous in crediting him with the best that ever happened in his line, but with all that there is no love lost and the parties to the conspiracy are carrying harpoons and waiting for an opportunity to use them.

"If I were to make a prediction I would be that which the eyes are shimmering down it will be found that there are no charges that will stick against any of the other members of the police department. There will be an exodus of a lot of crooks, low women, parcel workers and other brands of thieves, so that when the time for a scrutinizing investigation comes witnesses can not be found. Then the Police Board will make an example of the men already under indictments and throw bouquets at each while they tell how they purged the department of men susceptible to bribery and men who could not resist the opportunity to work different kinds of grafts. You will find that the wrappers will not be torn off of the big 'Christmas presents' that fall to the lot of men connected with the management of the police department and the local Democratic party."

## PAINTING RACIAL TYPES.

Interesting Experiment of a Dutch-American Artist.

Traveling through the Orient and the Americas, taking portraits of typical men and women of various races has, for a number of years past, been the employment of Hubert Vos, a Hollander by birth and an American by naturalization. Likenesses of exotic persons have formed his hobby. In the Century Charles de Day tells how Mr. Vos has succeeded in riding this hobby: "Mr. Vos has approached science from the side of art. As commissioner to the World's Fair from Holland, he had a chance to see a great range of ethnic types, not merely in the place, but at the congress of religions. It was then for the first time borne in on him that we have no really good pictures of the different races of the globe. Photographs there are, and on these everybody relies. But the photograph gives too much and too little; too much of the accidental and unimportant, and often of the ugly; too little of the soul, the selected, the synthetic. As a portrait painter Mr. Vos believes that portrait should express press ancestry and race and the soul of the individual. Why should he not select the salient features and characteristics of a tribe, a nation or even a race and embody them in one synthetic, expressing what is best and worthiest of note in the whole? His best assistant has been a gentle comrade, his wife, formerly the Princess Kalkilani of Hilo, in the Hawaiian Islands. Together they pass in review the various ranks of a given populace, striving to arrive at a face that sums up the chief features of a number of more or less typical countenances. In the gallery so far collected Mr. Vos has a number of composite portraits, made somewhat on the analogy of the composite photograph, except that in the sketches of portraits of the separate individuals are not mechanically superimposed one on the other, but are combined in the painter's brain."

## Hand-Organ Recitals.

It has been suggested that the best method of disposing of the hand-organ problem would be to adopt the custom in vogue in Boston. In that center of music and art is given once a year what might be called a hand-organ recital. On a day previously announced, all the hand-organs in the city are gathered at one place, and each organ-grinder in turn plays for the benefit of the censor. If the music is up to the Boston standard, a license is granted to the organ-grinder; if it be of the wheezy, squeaky variety, the owner is requested to seek some other community where that kind of music is appreciated.—New York Mail and Express.

C. D. Harper was shaking hands with old friends at this place the first of the week.

## CHANCEFUL NATURE.

"Boon!" says the snowdrop, and smiles at the motherly earth.  
"Boon!" for the spring with her languors comes stealthily on.  
Snow was my cradle and chilly winds sang at my birth;  
Winter is over—and I must make haste to be gone!"  
"Boon!" says the swallow and dips to the wind-ruffled stream.  
"Boon!" is all garnered—the summer is over and gone;  
Hark to the eastward the icy battalions gleam,  
Summer is over—and I must make haste to be gone!"  
"Boon—ah, to a boon!" says the soul, with a desperate gaze.  
"Boon!" for I race like a star, and for eyes would have shone.  
See the pale shuddering dawn that must smother my rays.  
Leap from the mountain—and I must make haste to be gone!"  
—From the Spectator.

## The Storm.

BY ETHELYN LESLIE HUSTON—"FRANCECA."

Author of "The Song of Solomon," "The Case of Mrs. Ferris," etc. (Copyright, 1900, Daily Story Pub. Co.) "It all seemed paradoxical. And yet—I thought of you, always. Don't you see? The situation was—impossible!" "Yes!"

She uttered the monosyllable gently. Her eyes followed the phosphorus lights that slipped through the black waves, rolling back into the night behind them. The ship throbbed like a human thing, and she felt its vibration go through her body with a drowsy, sensuous content. Her hands gleamed whitely on the arms of the steamer chair in which she lay prone, and the soft night wind lifted the hair back from her face.

"You must understand—now?" There was a shad of anxiety in his voice as he leaned forward and looked down into her eyes.

"Now? I am five years older, you mean? Well, I understand. Yes—in a way. One learns many things in five years."

"And it was—for the best? You believe that?" She rested her head back on the cushions and lifted her eyes to the stars that powdered the velvety gloom above them.

"Quiet, babe!" She smiled thoughtfully. "It is written. What will be, will be, and all things are by fate." She stirred restlessly, then turned toward him and studied him critically.

"Well?" he asked.

"Is it all written in the stars, I wonder?" she answered, reflectively. "Are we kings and queens on the chess-board? Was it for the best? I do not know. I was married to a man twenty years my senior. A perfectly amiable and absolutely irreproachable commercial machine. He was hardly conscious of my existence at odd periods when his stock quotations would permit. That was all. I had the flesh-pots of Egypt, and according to the laws of



"We Will See!"

Moses and common sense, I should have gone—on my knees daily and given thanks. But I didn't. I know that it is not only unorthodox, but execrable taste, to do that which leaves one's private life vulnerable to the yellow journal reporter and artist. Today, Paola and Francesca would be but food for scare-heads and impossible cuts. But I loved you. That is trite and commonplace. Nancy said the same to Sykes. But it is very real, just the same. And I loved you—not only enough to brave the flames of hell, but, infinitely worse, the comment and criticism of the great unwashed. And—you flinch?"

The tranquil tones ceased for a moment, and she pulled the cushion more comfortably under her cheek.

"Four your sake—" The words came hoarsely.

Her eyebrows lifted, but she did not speak. Then suddenly he leaned forward and caught her hands in a tense grasp and stared down into her face with hot eyes.

"You would—you would have—" "Gone to you? Assuredly. You knew that I would. But you feared the world, more than I feared—the other place, you know. For my sake, you said. Well, perhaps. No doubt you quite believed it was—for my sake. But is your genus naturally so-disinterested?"

The black water rolled and lifted and fell with a sharp hiss back into the shadows, and she listened to its muffled music with a keen pleasure. She loved the unbarren strength of it. It was sovereign in every mood. And it laid the memories of its uncounted centuries on her restless spirit and she was still. Here and there behind them the salon incandescent lights gleamed. A measured footfall came

through the roar of the waves and the straining of the ship, passed, and died again, leaving only the noises of the night, of the winds and waters. Then the lights went out and the vaporous darkness gathered around them and the stars seemed nearer.

He drew the white hands up to his lips and held them there a long moment.

"You are not merciful in your analysis," he said slowly. "And perhaps you are right. But I do not think so. I—But why dig over the bones of the past? Fate, Providence, God—what you will—brought us together, out here on the waters that you have always loved. And there are no barriers. We are both free. Today, when I saw the shore-line sink into the water, and turned and saw you on the deck? Does it tell you nothing?"

She looked back into his eyes with a shade of amusement in her own.

"You were always bored, you know!" She laughed, a little, low laugh, then gently released one hand from his and drew the tips of her fingers down over his face. Then she held his square chin in her hand and regarded him gravely. "You were always bored—all your life. It was chronic. You were delighted to see me? Of course. It was a sensation. And sensations are worth something in this all too promise life of ours. Don't you know, boredom is accountable for far more than is generally realized? If the clergy would only give us a palliative, their efforts would be so much more fruitful! And I was equally delighted to see you! I, too, have learned to value sensations. And you look quite as you did when I—er—ate of the pomegranate. There is a glint of silver around the temples—but it is becoming. I could almost think we were back in that other era when we were so tragic. We were tragic, were we not? Life bored you so—and I was a new sensation—and I loved you with such feeling. And, after all, it was pouring water upon sand. It was seeing with a child's faith—Ascension Hill grow where only cacti were possible."

"No!—by all the gods I—"

"Never mind Olympus!" She laughed, and lifted her chin with delight as the chill wind whipped the monk's hood back from her face and sent weird Aeolian strains through the ship's rigging.

"The Olympian ladies and gentlemen were persons of very uncertain morals. And why swear at all? What matter? All that was prehistoric. It was before the flood. Look at that phantom-ship with every sail set. And the buzzard sails on, and comes, and is gone—stately and still as a ship at sea." Do you remember Lasea? You used to tell me Lasea when—in the days of lung syne.

"Then you still—remember?"

Darkly luminous in the faint starlight, the eyes turned from the ship back to his face.

"Remember? Oh, yes! My memory is very retentive. I remember every phase—everything."

He leaned nearer and his voice sank. "And care?" he asked.

"M—Yes," the little smile again in her eyes.

"You care—as you did then?"

Her gaze went back to the ghostly ship and she was silent as the black sails sank slowly into the darkness. Over the battling waters floated the low, irregular toiling of a distant buoy-bell. The waves leaped around them like leashed hounds, and the rising wind whistled and shrieked through the rigging. His arms closed around her and through the warring sounds he whispered, his face close to hers—"I have loved you—always."

Gently her finger-tips slipped over his face, then round his throat. Then his lips rested upon hers.

Presently he raised his head and looked down into her eyes.

"You care—as you did? You will be my wife?"

A long moment she looked at him, then very slowly the shoo! of her head. "I am afraid—it would never do," she said. "You have become fixed in my mind as a cold and gone episode—a reminiscence that was and is not. The commonplaces of marriage would be too complete a revelation. I cannot imagine you in that role. No, it—would never do."

"You mean that you no longer love—" His voice sounded strained, and she interrupted him.

"I mean that I did love—too well," she said gently.

Then she took his hand between her two hands and drew it down to her breast, while her lips lingered over his eyes and brow and hair.

"It is life my dear," she said, a shade of bitterness for the first time in the serene voice. "I would have gone to you on my knees over hot plowshares, once. But now—it is five years too late."

The rising gale shrieked around them in gathering fury on. She lifted her face eagerly to the rough wind. The roar of the waves had deepened to a thunder, and the ship labored and quivered in their powerful grasp. She stretched out her arms to the storm and flung her loosened hair across his face and lips.

"Ah, had you loved like that!" she cried. A vivid streak of silver quivered in the blackness ahead, and for an instant the roar of wind and waves seemed to pause. Then the thunder broke and rolled over the water in mighty waves of sound. Leaning forward, she gathered her into his arms and dragged the heavy monk's cloak around her. Again the lightning flashed and she looked up into his face.

"We will see!" he said through his teeth.

"Quiet, babe!" she laughed. Then from his arms she watched the storm, content. And always her eyes laughed.